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the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

KELLY
LARK
GAUDIANO
HOLLINGSWORTH

ALSO THIS ISSUE:

KAINE
BY DEMATTEIS & FIUMARA

SPIDEY SUNDAYS
BY STAN LEE & MARCOS MARTIN

GRIM HUNT

PART 1

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The Amazing Spider-Man

"Alea Jacta Est."

It means "The Die is Cast." And for those who wear the Spider, it is also a fact. The hunters have come.

The seer and psychic known as Madame Web was kidnapped by a young woman named Ana Kraven, supposed daughter of the famed hunter Sergei Kravinoff. She and her mother, Sasha, also captured young Mattie Franklin, formerly known as Spider-Woman. Over the past few weeks, the family has now been seen stalking the mysterious renegade clone of Spider-Man, Kaine.

They seek to redeem the legacy of the original Kraven the Hunter, who died by his own hand years ago after a battle with Spider-Man.

Currently Spider-Man, always endeavoring to fulfill the great responsibility of his powers, has had his fortitude tested by forging his way through a gauntlet of his greatest enemies. In each battle, Spider-Man lost a bit more of his life — his friends, his profession, his loved ones.

He most recently lost a dear friend, a scientist named Curt Connors who surrendered to the reptilian monster called the Lizard that lay inside his mind. The battle pushed Spider-Man over the edge and now Madame Web fears he will not be ready for the coming confrontation between the Hunters and the Spiders . . .

"Alea Jacta Est." Now prepare for the . . .

GRIM HUNT

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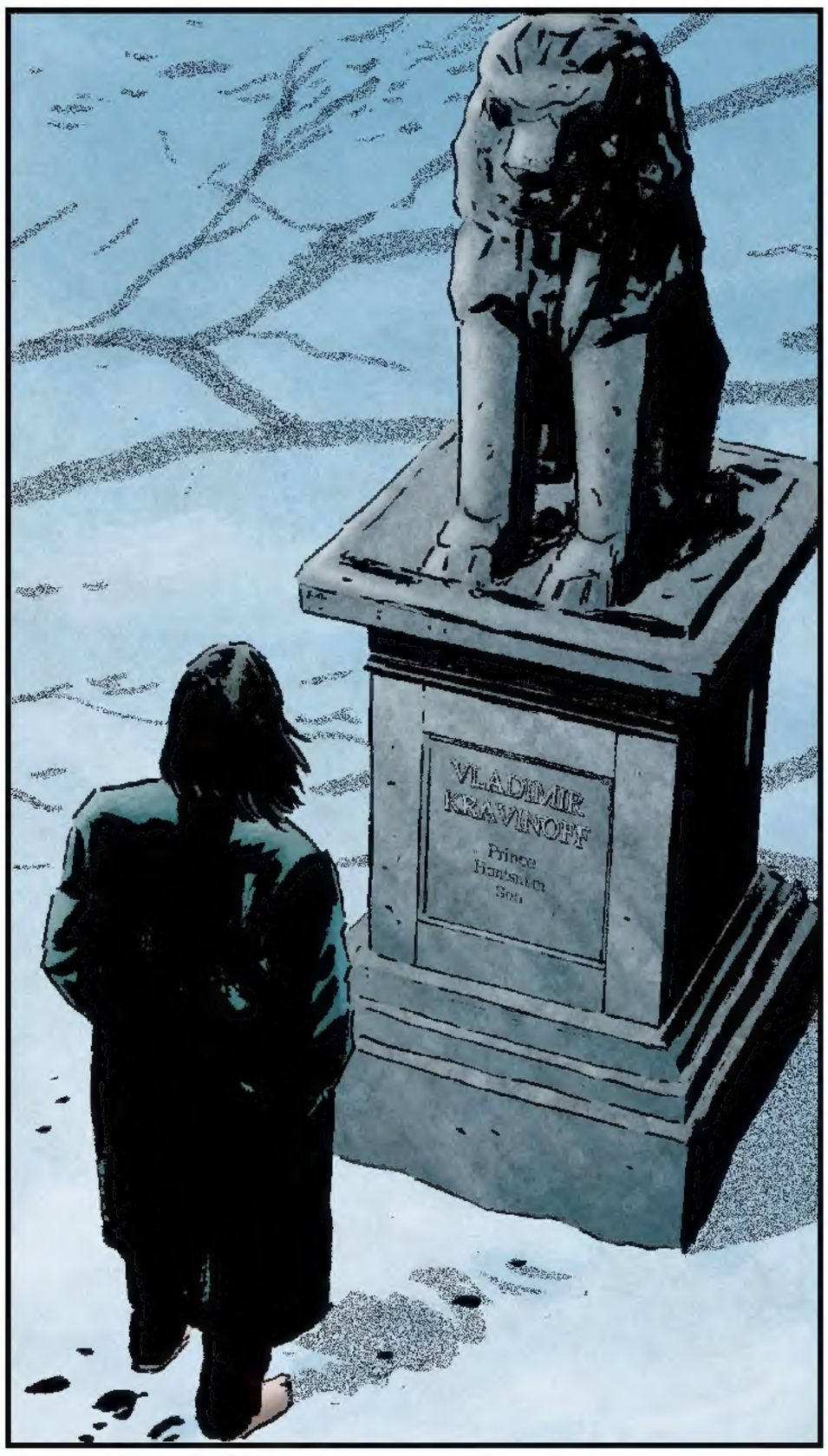
Months
Ago.

BRENMOOR


VLADIMIR
KRAVINOFF
Prince
Huntsman
Son

VLADIMIR
KRAVINOFF
Prince
Huntsman
Son

"PRINCE..." HEH.

WHAT WILL YOU WRITE ON MY TOMBSTONE, I WONDER?

MM. I COULD THINK OF A FEW CHOICE WORDS....

...THOUGH I POSE A DIFFERENT QUESTION TO YOU, *ALYOSHA*...

WHAT IF TOMBSTONES WERE NO LONGER REQUIRED FOR US? NEITHER THE *LIVING* KRAVINOFFS...

HERE LIES KAINE SLAIN BY THE HUNTER

...NOR THOSE WHO HAVE ALREADY FALLEN? LIKE YOUR BROTHER HERE.

YOU NEED A HAIRCUT, ALY.

SHUT UP, ANA.

WHY HAVE YOU CALLED ME HERE, SASHA?

TO HUNT, OF COURSE. TO KILL... AND THEN...

SOMETHING VERY, VERY SPECIAL...

FOR *PAPA*.

Today.
CENTRAL PARK ZOO.
DELACORTE CLOCK
I HAVE CARRIED MY..."GIFT" FOR MANY, MANY YEARS...
AND ALWAYS, WHEN SOMEONE LEARNS WHAT I CAN DO, WHAT I CAN *SEE*, THEY ASK THE SAME QUESTION...
THE HELL'S UP WITH REX?
DID FOSTER SCREW UP THE FEED SCHEDULE AGAIN?
"*MADAME WEB, DO YOU KNOW WHEN YOU'RE GOING TO DIE?*"
"*OF COURSE I DO.*" I ANSWER, AND INVARIABLY THEY GO SILENT, AFRAID TO ASK MORE. AFRAID THAT I AM AFRAID TO SHARE THE DETAILS.
BUT THERE IS NO *SHAME* IN *DEATH*. DEATH COMES TO ALL THINGS. DEATH IS NATURAL...
MY SHAME COMES FROM OTHER MOMENTS I SEE. THOSE TIMES IN MY LIFE WHEN I WILL BE TESTED...
AND *FAIL*...AT A *COST*. SUCH A *GREAT COST*.
LIKE TODAY.
TODAY, I HAVE FAILED ALL THOSE WHO HAVE EVER CALLED ME FRIEND.
TODAY I BREAK THE WEB.

AAAAAHH--

--CHUUGH!!

AND THAT PRETTY MUCH SUMS IT UP.

NIGHTMARES ALL NIGHT... *SWINE FLU* ALL DAY.

YEAH...*THAT* SWINE FLU. GOD, I HATE MY LIFE...

SPENT THE LAST FEW NIGHTS TRYING TO TRACK DOWN THE LIZARD--*CURT*. GUESS IT CAUGHT UP WITH ME.

GUESS IT'S A LAUNDRY DAY...

LIKE IT MATTERS...EVERYTHING JUST KEEPS GETTING DIRTY. EVERYTHING JUST KEEPS FALLING APART.

LITTLE KIDS DIE AND WIVES ARE LOST AND NOTHING I DO SEEMS TO MAKE A DAMN BIT OF DIFFERENCE...

Screw Laundry.

It's my year off.

KNOCK KNOCK

KNOCK KNOCK

Michele, get that please? It might be the pharmacy and I can't even see right now...

POUND! POUND!

Or... you're working. Like a real live human being...

Coming, Pharmacy Man...

POOM! POOM!

Okay, I appreciate the enthusiasm, but it's just antibiotics...it's not a replacement kidney, dude...

THROUGH THE MUCUS-FILLED PIT THAT IS MY BRAIN, I TRY TO REMEMBER THE LAST TIME WHEN I DIDN'T FEEL TERRIBLE...

I *CAN'T.* LITERALLY. I CANNOT REMEMBER THE LAST TIME I WAS HAPPY... OR EVEN OKAY.

WHO DID I TICK OFF UP THERE?

POOM! POOM!

Hey, a little consideration, pal...

I feel like...

CRAP.

THEY'RE HUNTING US...

KAINE?!

THEY'RE HUNTING SPIDERS.

the GRIM HUNT
chapter 1

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WHAT HAPPENED? WHO--?

THEY'RE HUNTING SPIDERS...

US, PETER...

IS THIS ALL YOUR BLOOD? I HAVE TO GET YOU TO--

WE ARE NOT THE ONLY SPIDERS.

...

HURRY.

AND EVERYTHING CHANGES WITH THE UNEXPECTED RETURN OF MY "EVIL CLONE," AFTER HE APPARENTLY TRIED TO FRENCH KISS A WOOD CHIPPER.

THOUGH FOR A CLONE, HE'S AWFUL HEAVY...MUST WORK OUT.

LUCKILY, MY ADRENALINE SHOOTS THROUGH THE ROOF, AND FOR FIVE SECONDS I FORGET I'M SICK, BECAUSE IF SOMEONE WAS ABLE TO DO THIS TO KAINE...I'M IN FOR A HELL OF A DAY.

KAINE IS THE "STRONGER ONE."

WHO DID THIS TO YOU? WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "THERE ARE OTHERS?"

DAMN IT, KAINE, WAKE UP. WAKE--

BOOM!

EXPLOSIONS. SOUNDS LIKE A FEW BLOCKS AWAY.

NOT A COINCIDENCE, I'M BETTING.

"BAD" IS GOING TO MAKE THE LIGHTSPEED JUMP TO "NIGHTMARE" IF ANYONE COMES TO THE APARTMENT AND FINDS BLOOD ALL OVER AND A GIANT VERSION OF ME PASSED OUT IN THE BATHROOM...

...ESPECIALLY IF IT'S MY ROOMMATE MICHELE. BUT I HAVE TO LEAVE IT FOR NOW, BECAUSE OF WHAT HE SAID, AND HOW HE SAID IT...

"THERE ARE OTHER SPIDERS."

AS A RULE, THE FEMALES OF THE SPECIES ARE TASKED WITH LONG-TERM SURVIVAL.

WE ARE THE TRUE PROTECTORS OF THE WEB, BECAUSE WE ENSURE THE FUTURE.

BADOOM!

WHICH IS WHY THEY HIT US FIRST. AS THEY CHIPPED AWAY AT SPIDER-MAN...THE CENTER... THEY PICKED US APART.

JULIA CARPENTER IS NOT THE BEST KNOWN "SPIDER-WOMAN" FOR SURE. ARACHNE, SHE CALLS HERSELF...

THOUGH ONCE AN AVENGER, SHE'S THE LEAST CURRENTLY ENTANGLED WITH OUTSIDERS, HENCE A LOGICAL TARGET.

CORRECTION...SECOND LEAST.

NNNGH

DAMN IT!

IF YOU'RE TRYING TO HAIL A CAB...

...YOU'RE GOING ABOUT IT ALL WRONG...

THEY'RE ON THE GROUND.

SH- SHUT-- *HFF*-- UP...

OKAY, GOOD, WE'RE SKIPPING FORMALITIES. I HATE ALL THAT AWKWARD SILENCE STUFF--

MOVE!!

BADOOM!

MY SPIDER-SENSE... I DIDN'T EVEN GET A TINGLE...HOW--?

OH, HELL.

IS *HE* SUPPOSED TO BE HERE?

SOMETIMES. THE SEER PLAYS GAMES... SCARED?

HOW DARE YOU--?

GOOD. JUST DON'T CHASE THESE TWO OFF WITH YOUR BIG ***EXPLOSIONS*** LIKE YOU DID THE ***BROTHER.***

WE KICK SOME KRAVEN BUTT RIGHT HERE; YOU GONNA CLUE ME IN TO WHAT'S GOING ON?

LET'S START WITH THE BUTT-KICKING AND NEGOTIATE THE REST LATER...BECAUSE FRANKLY I DON'T HAVE A CLUE.

ALYOSHA, RIGHT?

FREDDIE MERCURY CALLED AND WANTS HIS VEST BACK.

NO JOKES, THIS TIME, SPIDER. THIS IS THE *GRIM HUNT*.

AND THIS IS US TEARING YOU A FEW NEW ONES--

SPYDER SPYDER, BURNING BRIGHT, IN THE FORESTS OF THE NIGHT--

WATCHING WITH YOUR SADDENED EYES, WAITING IN YOUR WEB TO DIE--

ARACHNE!

YOU CAME TO THE PARTY EARLY, BUT I'LL TAKE THE KILL WHERE I CAN GET IT--

BULL. I'M GETTING OFF THIS CRAZY TRAIN RIGHT H--

BLAM

H-NNNGH!

THAT CLEARED THE SINUSES...BUT BYE-BYE HEARING. EXCEPT, WHAT'S WEIRD...OTHER THAN *EVERYTHING* THAT'S HAPPENED IN THE LAST TEN MINUTES OF MY LIFE--

--IS THAT I DON'T HAVE THE HIGH-PITCHED WHINE THAT USUALLY ACCOMPANIES HEARING LOSS...INSTEAD--

I HEAR *DRUMS.*

THICK, SLOW *DRUMS.*

OKAY, ENOUGH OUT OF YOU, PSYCHO-GIRL--*SPIDER-MAN!*

WHAT THE HELL? YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE THE FRESH ONE!

I'M HAVING AN OFF DECADE.

NNNGH

KSSSH!

WE SHOULD RUN.

No... I think we should run...

ALYOSHA, *YOU IDIOT!* HE'S NOT *READY!*

FOCUS!

THEY'VE BEEN AT ME SINCE TEN THIS MORNING. NO CLUE HOW THEY FOUND ME OR WHAT THEY WANT--

I'M NO PSYCHIC, BUT I THINK THEY WANT YOU DEAD.

I FORGOT WHAT A JACKASS YOU CAN BE. THAT'S WHY WE NEVER DATED.

AND YOU BIT MY COSTUME.

GLAD TO SEE YOU DON'T HOLD A GRUDGE. AND DID YOU REALLY CONSIDER DATING ME--?

YOU SOUND LIKE HELL.

WOULD YOU BELIEVE SWINE FLU ON TOP OF EVERYTHING?

GOD, WERE YOU A SERIAL PUPPY STRANGLER IN A PAST LIFE OR SOMETHING? WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

THE FASHION PLATES ARE ANA AND ALOYSHA KRAVINOFF--

AS IN "*KRAVEN THE HUNTER.*" GOT IT. WHY ARE THEY AFTER ME?

NOT JUST YOU. "*THEY'RE HUNTING SPIDERS*", APPARENTLY. WHICH REMINDS ME, I ***REALLY*** HAVE TO GET BACK TO MY APARTMENT--

NOT UNTIL WE HIT THE ***WHY?*** I'M NOT PICKING THEM UP PSYCHICALLY, SO HIT IT--

THERE ENDS MY EXPOSITION, JULIA... SORRY. MAYBE IT'S A REVENGE THING? KRAVEN OFFED HIMSELF BECAUSE OF ME, AND THEY NEVER REALLY GOT OVER IT.

THAT'S COMPASSIONATE.

IT'S THE H1N1 TALKING, REALLY.

EVEN IF THEY ARE OUT FOR BLOOD, IT'S NOT LIKE WE'RE "*FAMILY.*" YOU SORT OF DO YOUR OWN THING, USUALLY--

THEY KICKED THE LIVING HELL OUT OF MY CLONE.

YOU HAVE A "*CLONE*"?

YEAH, A COUPLE--AND FOR THE RECORD I HAD THEM ***WAY BEFORE EVERYONE*** WAS GETTING REPLACED BY SKRULLS. TALK ABOUT "*BITERS...*"

GOD, YOU'RE STUPID.

YEAH, I GET THAT WAY WHEN I START FEELING LIKE I'M CAUGHT UP IN SOMETHING ***REALLY***, REALLY SCARY...

SPEAKING OF...

DO YOU HEAR DRUMS?

ACTUALLY--

THEY WILL BE *BLIND*. FOR THIS, I TAKE NO CREDIT. IT'S JUST *MAGIC*. BUT IT WILL MAKE THINGS...*DIFFICULT*.

MOVE!!

MY BETRAYALS GO MUCH DEEPER.

NNGH!

THUNT

I KNOW YOU WON'T BELIEVE THIS...

BUT I THINK I FEEL SORRY FOR YOU. FOR WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN.

NNNGH!

TOO LATE FOR PITY, BROTHER... IT HAS ALREADY HAPPENED.

MOTHER HAS SEEN TO EVERYTHING.

DAMN, I HATE THIS KID... *SPIDEY?* I'M HIT...

HE HAS BEEN THROUGH SO MUCH ALREADY...THEY'VE WEAKENED HIM SO...

HOW MUCH MORE CAN HE TAKE BEFORE THE INEVITABLE?

Y'KNOW... FOR A GUY WHO LIKES BIG GUNS...

...YOU HAVE A REAL BAD HABIT OF GETTING TOO CLOSE...

YOUR *FATHER* WOULD BE *DISAPPOINTED.*

THE WEB IS *BROKEN*, SO THERE IS LITTLE THAT I CAN SEE...BUT FROM TIME TO TIME, A *STRAND* APPEARS...

ALWAYS WOVEN BY *HIM*. HE IS THE ONLY ONE WHO MIGHT *STOP THIS*. THE ONLY ONE WHO MIGHT REPAIR THE WEB...

HGHH!

IF I HAVEN'T SABOTAGED HIS CHANCES.

THANK GOD...

YAAAAAGH!

NOW *THAT* SOUNDS LIKE THE KRAVEN JUNIOR I KNOW. A WHINING, SCREAMING *FAILURE*.

AND YOU JUST *ZIP IT*, FREAKSHOW!

WHOLF!

WHAT DO YOU WANT?! WHY ARE YOU HUNTING "SPIDERS"? WHY--? WHY...

WHY WON'T YOU LEAVE ME ALONE...?

HEH... WAIT UNTIL YOU SEE...

DOOM BOOM BOOM

YOU'RE GOING TO LOVE IT.

OH, MAN. MY HEAD.

PREPARE, SPYDER! THE END HAS COME!

THE GRIM HUNT IS HERE!

SHE'S SAYING SOMETHING IN HER CUTE LITTLE PSYCHOPATH VOICE, BUT I DON'T CATCH IT...

BOOM BOOM

BOOM

BOOM

...NOT OVER THE *DRUMS*...AND THE THOUGHT THAT I MIGHT FINALLY GET SOME SLEEP.

"YOUR LIFE HAS BEEN A *DISASTER*...

"IF IT'S EVEN *ACCURATE* TO CALL IT A LIFE. IS IT, KAINE?

P-PETER...?

NNNGHG

"DO YOU BELIEVE THAT YOU HAVE A RIGHT TO THIS?

"TO BREATHE AND EAT AND DRINK OF THE EARTH LIKE A *REAL BOY?*

"YOU AREN'T REAL."

YOU'RE BARELY A *SPIDER*. JUST A SPIDER'S *BROTHER*, SORT OF.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH YOU, KAINE.

I JUST DON'T KNOW.

"KILLING YOU SEEMS LIKE...A *REWARD*.

"A REWARD FOR STEALING THE SPIDER'S LIFE AND *TWISTING* IT INTO SOMETHING VERY *UGLY*.

"SO *UGLY*...

"SO IT'S DECIDED THEN... *PUNISHMENT* INSTEAD..."

YOU GET LIFE.

AAAAAAGH!

SKLUTCHH

DON'T LOOK SO SAD.

WHEN THIS IS OVER...YOU'LL FINALLY BE SOMEONE.

"YOU'LL BE THE ONLY SPIDER LEFT...EVEN IF YOU ARE AN *UGLY* ONE."

...

DAMN IT TO HELL.

...DRUMS... REALLY...HATE THAT SONG...

DEHYDRATION. DRINK SOMETHING.

ARACHNE... JULIA...ARE WE OKAY?

THAT'S A LOADED QUESTION...

WHERE THE HELL ARE WE?
MATTIE FRANKLIN'S APARTMENT. YOU KNOW--
"SPIDER-WOMAN"... THE *OTHER* ONE.
IT WAS THE CLOSEST PLACE I COULD THINK OF. YOU'RE HEAVY WHEN YOU'RE UNCONSCIOUS.
MATTIE...? GOD...
WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED HERE?
STOP ASKING THAT. STOP ASKING QUESTIONS AND START GIVING ME *ANSWERS!*
I DON'T KNOW--
WHAT HAPPENED TO MATTIE? YOU SMELL IT, RIGHT--? THE BLOOD...?
WHAT IS THE "*GRIM HUNT*"? WHAT DOES IT HAVE TO DO WITH "*SPIDERS*"? WHY ARE THOSE SICK MONSTERS AFTER ME?!
I DON'T KNOW, *OKAY?* I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING OR WHY ANY OF YOU ARE INVOLVED!
BUT WE'LL *FIX* IT, OKAY? WE'LL FIGURE IT OUT AND MAKE IT BETTER--
I SINCERELY DOUBT THAT...
...BECAUSE YOU HAVE BEEN UNDER ATTACK FOR *MONTHS*, AND NOT EVEN KNOWN IT...

THIS IS A WAR BETWEEN TRIBES...

SPIDERS AND THE HUNTERS.

A WAR WE ARE ALREADY LOSING.

EZEKIEL..?

SHE'S STILL NOW. HAS BEEN FOR HOURS.

"ACCEPTANCE" THEY CALL IT, IN THE FIVE STAGES OF GRIEF. BUT SHE IS NOT WITHOUT QUESTIONS...

...AND MATTIE KNOWS I HAVE ANSWERS.

IS IT GOING TO HURT?

...

FORGET IT. I KNOW IT'S NOT GOING TO TICKLE. I JUST WISH I KNEW WHY.

ALL I EVER DID WAS TRY TO BE...GOOD. I KNOW I WASN'T THE BEST SPIDER-WOMAN--

YOU WERE A FINE SPIDER-WOMAN--

BUT IT DIDN'T MATTER. SOME CRAZY WITCH HAS SPIDER-MAN ON THE BRAIN AND...NONE OF IT MATTERED.

THAT'S NOT TRUE. *NEVER* THINK THAT. YOU SAVED *LIVES*.

"*SAVE ONE LIFE, SAVE A THOUSAND.*" THAT IS THE TRUE STRENGTH OF THE WEB OF *LIFE*--

WHO'S GOING TO SAVE MY LIFE?

...

WILL... WILL I BE AVENGED? WILL ANYONE CARE?

I WILL CARE, MATTIE.

AND *YES*... THERE WILL BE *BALANCE*.

THEN THAT'LL HAVE TO BE ENOUGH.

LET HIM KNOW, WILL YOU..? LET *SPIDER-MAN* KNOW THAT I DON'T BLAME HIM...AND THAT I DIDN'T CRY.

I PROMISE.

I DON'T KNOW WHY THAT'S IMPORTANT, BUT... THANK YOU.

KRA-KOOM

IT'S TIME, GENTLEMEN.

INTRIGUING, TRULY. I HAVE BEEN ALIVE FOR A LONG WHILE, AND THIS IS--

INTRIGUING.

NOT TO RUIN THE MOOD, BUT CAN WE GET ON WITH THIS?

I WOULD NOT HAVE PEGGED YOU FOR SQUEAMISH, DILLON--

I'M NOT. BUT I...I BELIEVE IN *GOD*, AND THIS NONSENSE...

FORGET IT, I MADE A DEAL. YOU PAY, I STAY.

WE ALL PAY, MR. DILLON.

VERY DIFFICULT TO MAKE. ***EXPENSIVE***, USE ONLY THREE DROPS. ***THREE*** EACH TIME.

USE IT WITHIN THE WEEK.

I ONLY NEED THREE DAYS.

MATTIE FRANKLIN...THE THREAD OF HER LIFE WOVEN TWENTY YEARS AGO.

IT HAS BEEN KNOTTED BY CONFLICT, SERVICE, AND ULTIMATELY...TRAGEDY, NOT OF HER OWN MAKING.

BECAUSE OF A MAN WHO LOST HIS WAY, AND BLAMED INSANITY ON A SPYDER.

HAIL MARY, FULL OF GRACE, THE LORD IS WITH THEE...

BECAUSE OF A HUNTRESS DESPERATE TO RESTORE HER PACK TO GREATNESS...

BUT ABOVE ALL, BECAUSE I WAS TOO WEAK TO PROTECT HER.

ELECTRO, NOW.

I ***KNEW*** I WOULD BE TOO WEAK TO RESIST THE POISONS AND TORTURES OF THE KRAVENS...

...THAT I WOULD TURN ON MY "FAMILY," EXPOSE THEIR SECRETS...

AND DAMN MY SOUL... I COULDN'T EVEN LOOK HER IN THE EYE AND ADMIT IT.

AND WHILE I LIVE ON AS A COWARD IN MY CELL...

...MATTIE HOLDS TRUE TO HER WORD. SHE DOES NOT CRY OUT.

HER THREAD IS CUT.

AND ALL OF THE THREADS CONNECTED TO IT, BOTH PAST AND THOSE TO COME...

...*UNRAVEL*...LEAVING A VOID THAT CUTS THROUGH ME LIKE ICE.

BUT SHE DOES NOT SCREAM...

BY ALL THAT IS HOLY... I BEG YOU, *SPIDER-MAN*...

DOOM

...RUN.

GWARRRR

V-VLADIMIR..? THAT...THAT IS NOT *BROTHER--*

NO. NOT ANY MORE.

THEN WE FAILED?

OF COURSE NOT...

WE CONFIRMED WHAT I SUSPECTED... IT *MUST* BE HIM.

TO BRING MY BELOVED BACK FROM THE DEAD... WE *WILL* NEED THE BLOOD OF THE SPYDER...

THE ONE TRUE SPYDER.

To Be Continued...

Many Years Ago.

I DETEST CITIES.

THEY'RE CRUEL. COLD. HUNGRY.

THEY CUT MEN OPEN, BLEED THEM TILL THERE'S NOTHING LEFT....

...THEN *DEVOUR* THEM.

MILLIONS OF PEOPLE TRAPPED IN CONCRETE CAGES. LIVING, BREEDING, SUFFERING, DYING...

SHRIKK

YARRR--!

...AND FOR *WHAT?*

BAM BAM BAM

SOME STRIVE FOR GOALS THAT WILL ALWAYS REMAIN OUT OF REACH, OTHERS ATTAIN A MEASURE OF WEALTH OR FAME OR POWER; BUT, IN THE END...

...THEY ALL DIE ALONE...

...AND *AFRAID.*

I TURNED MY BACK ON THE CITIES, ON THIS LUNACY CALLED CIVILIZATION, YEARS AGO.

I FOUND MY PEACE, MY DIGNITY, IN THE JUNGLE.

MY NAME IS SERGEI KRAVINOFF. BUT YOU--

--MAY CALL ME *KRAVEN.*

AND IN THE *HUNT.*

AN UNTOLD TALE OF KRAVEN THE HUNTER

HUNTING THE HUNTER

PART ONE: ADRIFT

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GALE, GUGGENHEIM, KELLY, SLOTT, VAN LENTE, WAID & WELLS WEB-HEADS

Y-YOU TAKE ANOTHER FREAKIN' *STEP*, MAN... AN' I SWEAR I'LL BLOW YOUR *HEAD* OFF! I *SWEAR* I'LL--

BUT WHAT *GOOD* IS THE HUNT...

SKRAWW

GET UP!

...WHEN YOUR PREY HAS NO *FIRE* IN HIS BELLY?

A MAN LIKE THIS KILLS WITHOUT COMPUNCTION. TO HIM, A HUMAN LIFE POSSESSES NO VALUE. NO MEANING.

I...I *KNOW* WHO YOU ARE. I *KNOW!*

LOOK AT ME, *PAULIE RIZZO.*

LOOK AT ME!

PLEASE... PLEASE *DON'T...*

AND YET HIS OWN DEATH TERRIFIES HIM. THE STINK OF FEAR OOZES OUT OF HIS EVERY PORE. HOW DISAPPOINTING. HOW...

A CORNERED LION DOESN'T WHIMPER, PAULIE.

HE DOESN'T BEG FOR MERCY.

KRA-KOOOM!

HE FIGHTS! WITH EVERY OUNCE OF STRENGTH...EVERY LAST BREATH--

HE FIGHTS!

...P-P-PLEASE...

WUD

KRA-KOOOM!!

COME, DUNYA--

...PATHETIC.

BUT *I'VE* BECOME SOMETHING EVEN *MORE* PATHETIC: A HUNTER--WITH NO STOMACH FOR THE HUNT. A MAN OF HONOR...

...WHO KILLS FOR MONEY.

YOU WANNA RUN THAT BY ME *AGAIN*, KRAVINOV?

HAVE I LIVED SO VERY *LONG*...

...ONLY TO FALL SO VERY *FAR*?

I'VE RETURNED YOUR PAYMENT...AND *MORE*. WHAT ELSE IS THERE TO *SAY*?

AND I CHOSE *NOT* TO DO IT.

YOU CAN TELL ME WHY YOU LET THAT SCUM RIZZO GET AWAY. I GAVE YOU A *JOB* TO DO, KRAVINOV, AND--

WHY?

BECAUSE PAUL RIZZO WASN'T *WORTHY*-- OF MY TIME OR MY TALENT. AND FRANKLY, *MR. DENTON*--

--YOU'RE NOT, EITHER.

SWAKK

YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF DAMN *NERVE* TALKIN' TO ME LIKE THAT!

DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHO YOU'RE DEALING WITH?!

SKKRAT!

AAAAA—!!

...AKKK...!

TUK

TUK

TUK

BLAM BLAM BLAM

RUKKK

SHRIPPPPP

SHUK

SPAKKK!

K-RAK!

DO YOU?

I DETEST CITIES.

AND YET I RETURN TO THEM--AGAIN AND AGAIN. *WHY?* AM I DRAWN BY THE MEMORY OF *ST. PETERSBURG*...

...THAT PARADISE WHERE I SPENT A BLESSED CHILDHOOD--THAT NOW SEEMS MORE LIKE A DREAM FROM ANOTHER TIME, ANOTHER WORLD?

MY FATHER, THE GRAND DUKE, WAS REVERED AND RESPECTED BY *CZAR NICHOLAS* HIMSELF. MY MOTHER, THE GRAND DUCHESS, A MUCH-ADMIRED WOMAN OF WISDOM, GRACE...

...AND, ABOVE ALL, HEART.

BUT HER HEART WAS BROKEN WHEN THE CZAR FELL... AND CIVILIZATION FELL *WITH* HIM.

WE FLED TO AMERICA. WE MIGHT AS WELL HAVE FLED TO HELL.

IS IT ANY WONDER, THEN, THAT I RETREATED TO THE SO-CALLED PRIMITIVE WORLD--WHERE LIFE WAS MORE HONEST. MORE HONORABLE.

SO *AGAIN* I ASK:

WHY AM I HERE?

...YOU'RE AN ANIMAL, SERGEI--YOU *KNOW* THAT?

THAT'S EXACTLY HOW I *MEANT* IT.

I'LL TAKE THAT AS A *COMPLIMENT*.

READY FOR ANOTHER *GO-ROUND*, BIG MAN?

THIS IS *CHICAGO*, NOT SAINT PETERSBURG. AND I'M NOT A GRAND DUKE...

READY, WILLING AND ABLE! BUT *FIRST*. MY DARLINGS--

MORE *VODKA!*

...I'M AN EMBARRASSMENT.

A DISGRACE.

SHRAKKKKK

OUT!

BOTH OF YOU--

--GET OUT!

SKAAASH

GET OUT.

MY LIFE FEELS AS EMPTY-- AS DEVOID OF PURPOSE--AS THE ANTS OUT THERE WHO CRAWL THROUGH THESE CITY STREETS, PRETENDING TO BE MEN.

I'M LOST. UTTERLY ADRIFT.

PERHAPS THE TIME HAS FINALLY COME TO PUT A RIFLE IN MY MOUTH AND...

THERE'S NO JOY IN THE HUNT ANY MORE. NO RELEASE IN SENSUAL INDULGENCE. THE JUNGLE HOLDS NO CHALLENGE. MEMORY HOLDS NO COMFORT.

...PULL THE TRIGGER.

...HE DISRESPECTED ME IN A WAY *NOBODY* EVER HAS.

AND I WANT HIM TO *PAY*--YOU *UNDERSTAND* ME?

I WANT THAT BASTARD KRAVINOV TO PAY.

NO WORRIES, MR. DENTON.

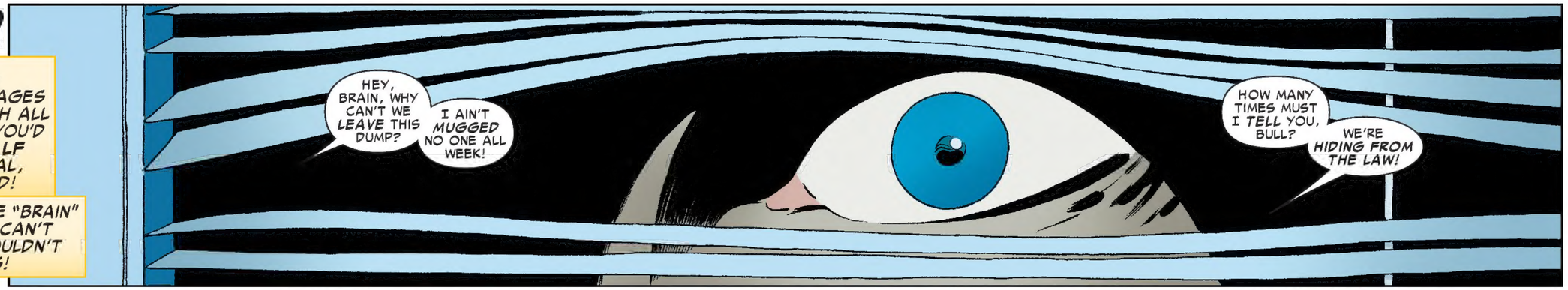
KAINE UNDERSTANDS *COMPLETELY.*

Next: His Brother's Keeper

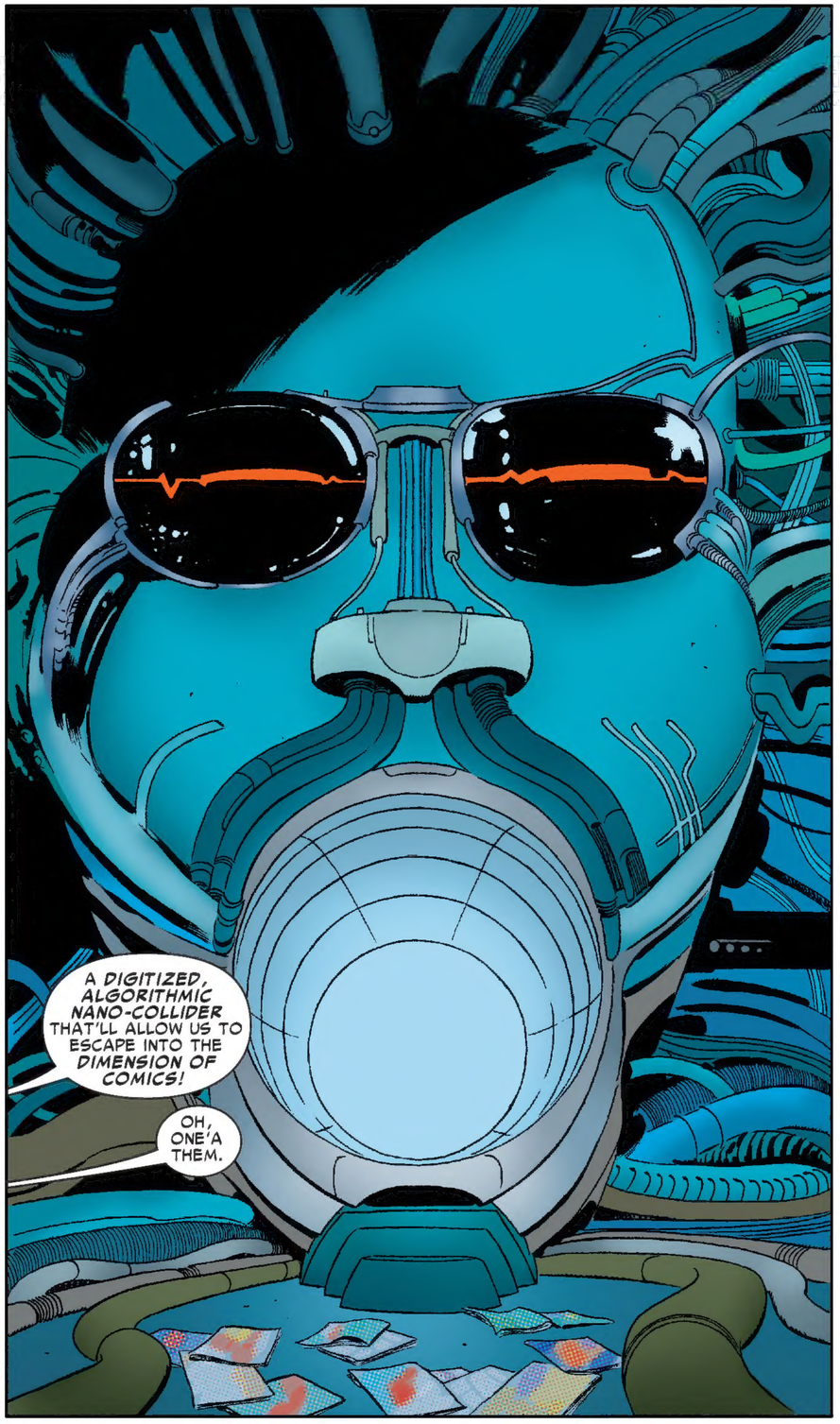
GOT A SHORT ATTENTION SPAN?

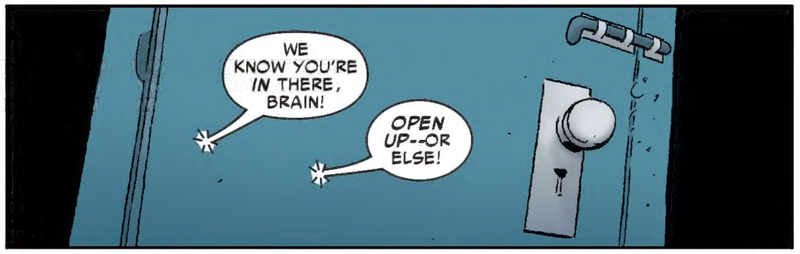
A BRAND NEW 12-CHAPTER SERIES WITH ONLY TWO PAGES A MONTH, BUT FILLED WITH ALL THE FUN AND EXCITEMENT YOU'D EXPECT IN TWO-AND-A-HALF PAGES A MONTH! AS USUAL, MARVEL BREAKS THE MOLD!

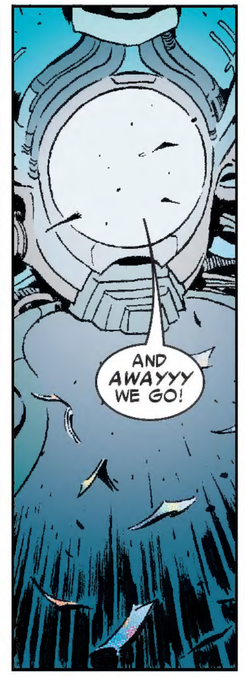
THEIR NICKNAMES ARE "BRAIN" AND "BULL." IF YOU CAN'T TELL WHY, YOU SHOULDN'T BE READING COMICS!

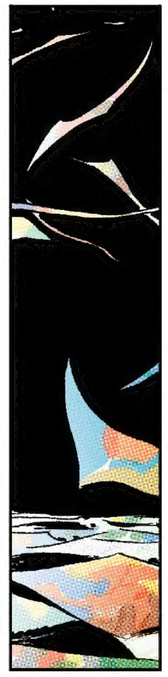

HEY, BRAIN, WHY CAN'T WE LEAVE THIS DUMP?
I AIN'T MUGGED NO ONE ALL WEEK!
HOW MANY TIMES MUST I TELL YOU, BULL?
WE'RE HIDING FROM THE LAW!

HOW ABOUT I READ A COMIC BOOK?
NO! I NEED THEM FOR MY INVENTION!
YOU'RE SO CLUMSY YOU MIGHT RIP ONE!
THEY GOT TOO MANY BIG WORDS ANYWAY.
THERE! MY INVENTION IS FINISHED!
WHAT'JA INVENT, BRAIN?









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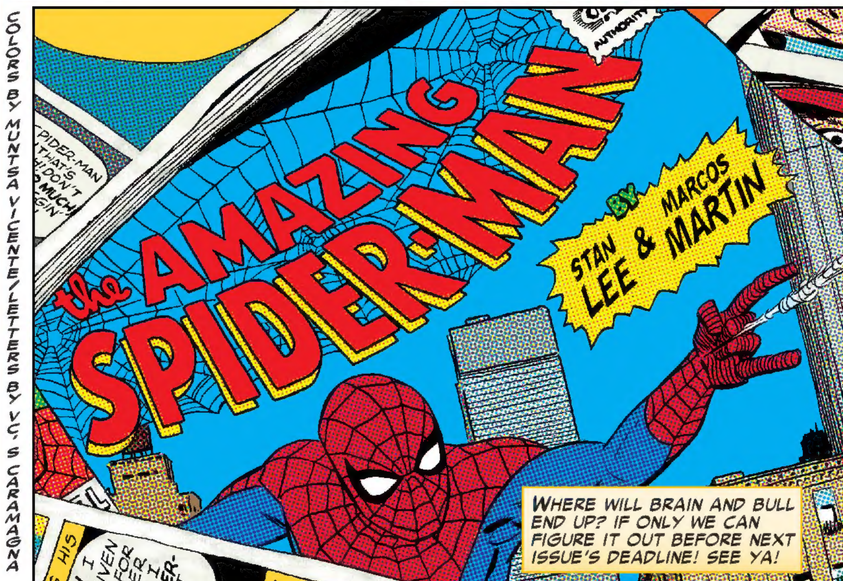
the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN
BY STAN LEE & MARCOS MARTIN
WHERE WILL BRAIN AND BULL END UP? IF ONLY WE CAN FIGURE IT OUT BEFORE NEXT ISSUE'S DEADLINE! SEE YA!

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAIL

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Good news, fans. I can finally shut up about Grim Hunt because it's here!

Web-Head Social Chairman Joe Kelly along with Michael Lark, Stefano Gaudiano, Matt Hollingsworth and a few other special guests are ready to bring you the Spidey epic we've been building to for so long. I'm just glad to finally get this junk of my desk!

To celebrate we've got some special features as you can see from the previous pages.

First, we welcome legendary "Kraven's Last Hunt' writer J.M. DeMatteis and artist Max Fiumara for a special 4-part back-up revealing the secret history of the deadly Peter Parker-doppelganger Kaine. We are beyond honored to have JMD here as he's written some of this editor's favorite Spidey stories through the years. And I guess we're happy to have Max as well...who we last saw in the Marvel "Neo-classic" Amazing Spider-Man #625 featuring the tragic tale of the Rhino.

THIS JUST IN!!! Max just had a baby girl and sent this picture in! He refuses to tell me the baby's name, so I have dubbed her "Steve". Hope the name works better for her than it has for me!

And of course, writing the special "Spidey Sunday Feature" you just read is the man who outshines us all. All of us are very proud to welcome back Stan "The Man" Lee back to his greatest creation.

We first matched up Stan and artist Marcos Martin in last summer's *Amazing Spider-Man #600* and the two of them got along so well they begged me to do more together. Well, Marcos begged. Stan threatened to slash my tires and beat Brennan up. (I won't tell you which threat actually worked.)

Anyway, Lee and Martin are back for this very fun 12-part feature inside the Spidey-verse!

So because of these added features, your wallet probably noticed that this issue is a bit more expensive than usual. Hopefully you've found the added buck to be worth it for all the extras we packed into this issue (and the next few). As always, we here in the Spidey office like to pack our pages full of comics and give you best bargain in the biz. (And if you think there's even more we could do to make this worth the extra 8 bits, just let us know at the address below. Even if it's just some stuff you'd like to see in the future, you know where to reach us.)

All that extra blabbin' has left us with room for only one letter this time around, so let's check in again on my never-ending, barely interesting quest to bring the classic Disney character Condorman back to comics.

Dear Steve, Toms and Marcos (Martin),

You are not alone. To this day I still own my VHS copy of Condorman. I haven't watched it in probably 20 years, but I own it!

Certainly I think Michael Crawford might be unavailable by this point, but there's no lack of actors for a super hero comedy in Hollywood, are there? Since you guys are friends with the powers that be at Disney, maybe you can work something out.

In the meantime, keep up the good work on "Amazing" (and please, if at all possible keep the price point at $2.99).

Yours truly,
Chris Walsh
B-Bop Comics, Prairie Village, KS

You had me up until the last line, Chip. Like I said above, we'll need to raise the price whenever I add extra stuff like in these current issues. But for the stories that are the standard 22-pagers, we'll hold steady at $2.99 as long as possible.

And keep 'em flyin', CondorFans!

Viva Betty Carrier!
Simperin' Steve
5/26/10

Covers by Mike Fyles and Leinil Frances Yu.
Villain Variant by Joe Quinones.

NEXT!

DEAD SPIDERS

Send e-mail to
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